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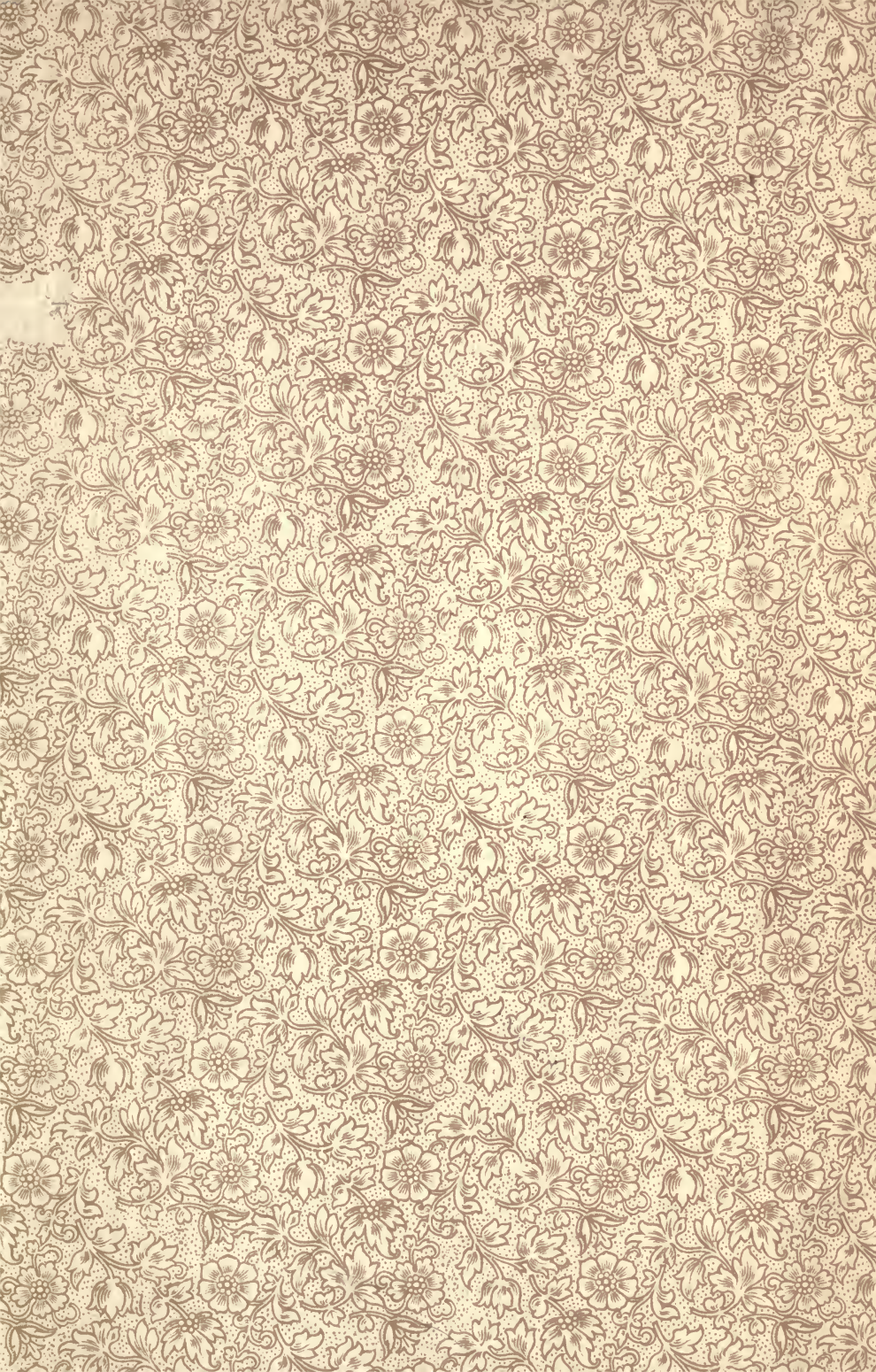
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CALIFORNIA
VISIONS AND REALITIES;

A
47527
SERIES OF POEMS,

BY

H. J. M.

MAY, 1855.

Go forth my young plant, let the world smell thee;
And if thou art found to have no fragrance,
Say that thy planter is alive with hope,
And will strive hard to improve the next growth.

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75674

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AN INVOCATION.

Thou Goddess, Muse ! light in my brain thy lamp
With a celestial flame; guide thou my thoughts
In numbers smooth, and ev'ry line do thou
Improve with some fresh image from thy spheres,
From whence all Poesy appears to those
Who court thy graceful charm; and do my soul
From fears disarm of those who are so prone
To sneer, when new-born Poets do appear
To add a ray with their dim flame, to light
The onward step of time.

O, Thou ! in whom
I place my trust, knowing my motive to
Be just, be with me in the silent hour,
And aid me with Thy heavenly power to guide
My purpose to that end, which may no eye
Of man offend ; but Thee ! especially would
I please ; so, free me from that dread disease,
Which constant preys upon my mind—the fear
Of being folly-blind. I know my effort
May be weak ; though I shall ever try to
Seek Thy grace, Thy power and holy sanction.

STREET THOUGHTS.

Old Earth! thou art too fond of thy children;
And forever they do tug at thy breast;
The jewels in thy lap hath charm'd them,
And they are heedless of their Father's call.

Oh Earth! thou art I fear a wayward bride,
And vainly thou dost usurp thy Lord's rights;
Great faith was His to give thee thy first born;
And thou hast brought His sons up in great sin.

Know, thou art unjust in thy division:
Only the bodies of thy sons are thine,
Yet, thou wouldst craftily retain their souls,
And but few wouldst give up to the Father.

Children of Earth! to thee I dare to speak;
Frown if thou wilt; I know thou would'st be wise,
And more powerful even than thy Maker;
Turn not thine ears, my tomb will soon be built.

If my words be many, to mean little,
Thou need'st not blow the lamp of patience out,
For I am only of thee, and no more;
And weak too, as many of the weakest.

'Tis known all that we say cannot be good;
Though some good may be pick'd out of the worst:
But weedy crops are carelessly gathered;
To be tedious, reapers would ill be paid.

Restless! restless Man! God doth pity thee;
His charity tempers the sweeping wind,
And modifies the sun's rays to thy need;
But, few turn from pleasure's walk to thank Him.

Who would fright thee into obedience,
Must come with a visible flame of fire,
And singe thine eye-balls, to awake thy soul;
So sound it sleeps upon the couch of sin.

Man! the sky-dom'd earth is thy God's church;
Of one form, but His altars are many;
Nor are they ever empty; day and night,
Constant as light, from them his blessings flow.

Blessings spring up in the green fields at night;
But, few go forth in the morn to admire.
Fair Spring comes forth with her annual brood;
All her flocks are eloquent with God's love.

Humanity alone, trembles in fear;
And care doth write destruction on her brow;
And with the sign, from street to street she goes—
And all do seem to read, yet nothing learn.

Desire, is man's blind leader, and goes on;
Though often turns to tread the same road o'er,
Flattering its victim with some vain hope;
And fondly he follows down to the end.

God! if the soul be immortal,
And all its readiness for Thee
Must be prepar'd in life on earth,
Be with us every hour we live.

Reach out, O God Thy hand, to those
Who call upon thee in distress!
There are no souls so base—so low—
But sometimes hope to go to thee.

God! fill my heart with charity,
My soul with true sincerity;
Give me wealth to give the poor;
Thus of thee I do implore.



God! I would be thy faithful son;
A child to Thee my soul would run;
Open my heart—let it come—
Sin on earth, be done, be done!

Father, this earth is full of sin,
Every hour I drink its bane;
Men are blind, they see Thee not;
Men are deaf, they hear Thee not.

Father! Thou art too merciful;
But few to Thee are dutiful;
Though thy love on all doth shine;
Few, are clinging to Thy vine.

Father, I see Thy throne of grace,
Thy lamps are shining on my face.
Far and wide Thy lights abound;
Few, Thy holy praise resound.

God! human throats are hoarse with sin,
And tongues are coated with the scum;
Conscience flames in every heart,
The soul is fearful to depart.

This game of fortune—what a curse!
The soul is strain'd—it must disburse
Its heavenly inheritance,
To aid the heart's base servileness.

From lips that once were fair and sweet,
Curses flow in the open street;
Eyes that once were fair and mild,
Through the streets are staring wild.

Behold yon maiden in her silks!
And see how proudly on she tilts;
Go, see her to her wretched home,
And hear her heart in anguish foam.

Behold yon anxious man of trade !
See, how his face with care doth fade;
One year ago his heart was tame,
But now it rages—all a-flame.

Behold yon whining man of gold !
Counting the falsehoods he hath told;
Of ev'ry eye he seems afraid,
Lest it detect his plans unplay'd.

Behold yon toper at the bar !
His bloated face is all a-scar;
He spends the proceeds of his hire,
To set his eyes and brains on fire.

God ! what a wretched life to lead !
Better the worms should on me feed,
Than so to live—a slave to hell,
Biting the chains which bind the spell.

Fathers—mothers—look to your young !
O, plant the root of virtue firm;
Watch it with the tenderest care,
And God will aid thee, He is near.

Think of your trust—it is divine !
Ye are God's growers of His vine;
See that the tares be all destroyed,
And God will bring you rich reward.



MAN, IN HIS VARIOUS SHAPES.

PART FIRST.

Our greedy thoughts are cankers in our brains;
'Tis not what we will be, but what we are,
That prints the fearful scowl upon our brows.
The air which overhangs the cities' streets
Is foul with curses, breathed in silence
From hearts that envy all who have the start
Of them upon the short road of fortune.
The flames of envy burn in every breast;
And few are led by virtue to ambition;
And those who are, receive the sneers of fools,
Who have the largest count on the string of life.
The rich kick out the beggars at night-fall,
But send them a card to dine the next day,
Upon hearing they had made a full bag,
Even, were it well known they had play'd false,
And robbed widows out of their wash-money.
But those who know this to be true, will be
The last to believe it; and say that truth
Should be kept always behind policy;
Though some live who look at things on both sides;
And put the truth into their left eye, to
Find its way into the right at leisure.
Good fathers are as apt to do this, as
Fond mothers, who admire rich sons-in-law.

THE LONE GRAVE ON A MOUNTAIN.

Here, upon this solitary mountain,
Empal'd alone in his everlasting
Sleep, lies one, who seems to have had a friend ;
For at his head there is a board, and at
His feet a stone. He must have been a friend,
Who that great oak, [whose hardy trunk hath borne
The change of seasons far beyond a human
Age,] hath fell'd, from which those pales were split
To here inclose this lonely spot. Poor, poor,
Lonely corse ! what sacred, silent sadness,
All about thee reigns ! " Rest thou, C. L. D.,
Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-three," is all
That here remains to speak of thee. Why, Man !
What brought thee here to mould ? But I can answer
That: gold ! Oh wherefore shouldst thou perish here ?
But now thy enterprise is all forgot,
And here, alone, thy flesh and bones must rot.
Oh say ! where is thy wife and darling babes,
If such thou hadst ? Ah ! they may be weeping
Now ; soothing their souls with grief ; but, alas !
How needless ! all is o'er ; thou art to them
No more, save in the dreams of memory.
Ah ! this, this is the indisputable
Inheritance of man ! this, his allotted
Portion—twelve square feet of his native earth :
Ay ! ay ! that is all his noble, proud and
Polished form hath perfect title to.
Oh, thus it is ! that case with its jewels,

The master mechanism of God,
Dissolve to their primeval state again ;
Thus, that soaring genius, the gift and power,
And semblance of the Omnipotent,
Rests its action ; that flashing and intuitive power,
So grand and God-like ceases thus ; but that
Imperishable spirit, the soul, seeks
Its ærial sphere, from which it soars to
Endless greatness.

Sleep thou, sleep thou alone !
No brother-dead to share this ground with thee ;
This spot to thee is dedicate for aye ;
And many a weary way-worn soul
Shall tread this lonesome road, and oft may stop
To read this slab, to learn whom thou mayst be,
And for a moment rest—his thoughts on thee ;
And then may turn to more admire thy home,
So wildly girt upon this mountain's comb.
Perchance, some impulse may within him rise,
And bring a tear of pity to his eyes
For thy sad fate—so far away from friends,
Where no voice breaks the silence but the Wren's.





ELLARD AT HIS BRIDE'S TOMB.

Here, in this vale of silence, rests the frame
Of one, whose soul now dwells in heaven;
Calm and gentle was her nature; mild and
Elegant was her speech; pure and holy
Was her mind; fair and beautiful her form.
O! how I lov'd and worship'd her: but God
Hath call'd her home. She was my first fond love;
The first to whom I breath'd my ardent prayer;
The first to sanction my caress: the first
To fondly hear. Oh! never on this wide
Earth will one so fair be found, on whom my
O'ercharg'd heart could pour its wealth of love;
Or on whose breast my head could rest, and there
By such sweet sounds be whisper'd into slumber.
My heart, break not! but let thy tears come forth;
'Tis well to weep, 'tis well for thee to mourn,
For thou hast liv'd to learn what God can do.
Thy pride was boundless, let thy grief be so.
My soul be not so sad, thou hast one hope,
O let it flame forth a ceaseless light!
Wait not to serve my heart with such fond care;
It fain would lure thee, and detain thee here.
Break not, my heart! this loss hath sav'd my soul:
It may perchance have never found its heaven,
Had this grief ne'er been thine, and thou not wept.
O spirit of my Mary, come visit me,
While here I rest upon thy silent tomb!
Come whisper in my ear of thy fair home,
And glad my heart once more with thy sweet voice.

If from that home thy soul hath surely found
Thy spirit may have leave to come to me,
Come! come at once, and turn my grief to joy.
But ah! 'tis useless thus I should implore;
These mortal eyes shall never see thee more;
Nor shall mine ears again that music hear,
Until thy Father bids me come to thee.
O, shall that be? Shall I be call'd by Him?
O yes—but I may never find thy bower;
Be doom'd, yes doom'd to wander worlds away,
And countless years may pass before I find
'That world, wherein my Mary sits enthron'd.
Father! how long must I yet stay on earth?
O gladly would I leap to Thee this night!
Am I prepar'd? Alas! I know not that;
This inspiration may be blasted soon
By some hard throes which fate may have in store;
And impulse now which tends to Thee alone,
To-morrow, may every tie disown
Of Thee,—lose its warmth, yield up to sin again;—
So weak my resolutions are to good.
But here lies one to whom I gave my soul;
'T was her's on earth, and why not her's in heaven!
At least that faith shall live within my breast,
That it yet mingles with her own; and through
That faith, it may be, I'm forever bless'd.
Now, my Mary! I leave thy silent tomb:
The moon hath come to watch thee, love, awhile,
And I will go and rest myself in sleep.
If thou behold'st me, know I go not sad;
A stream of joy divine runs through my
Melancholy heart—'tis light with life,
Good night, my Mary! still my beautiful wife.

MOUNT DIABLO.

Nature unadorn'd by the hand of man
Is chaste—a beauteous world within herself.
The works of man—how trivial! when compar'd
With God's. Whilst here I stand and thus behold
That tow'ring chief in silence looking up
To God, a soothing spell pervades my soul
Of inspiration more divine than all
The transient beauties man hath spread upon
The Earth. Thou chief,—eternal monument
Of God! erected by His will to stand
For aye! O, that I could stand forever
Here in wonder of thy greatness! silent
As thee. I would not speak—I should not speak
To interrupt thy eloquence: for there
Seems within thy silent heart a voice in
Holy converse with thy God: and in thy
Soul no conscience wakes to stir thy pure, calm,
Grand and God-like meditation. All within
Thy breast is Purity; all without thee
Wears its aspect. Oh mortal man! how noble
In thy form! But what art thou compared to
This creation! See, upon the mighty
Front of that bold chief, the immortal crown
Is visible; there, can no marks be trac'd
Denoting his decay; all bespeak a
Lasting permanence. Behold the clouds! like
Holy incense gath'ring from his heart,
That linger round to bathe his cheeks, and then
Depart rejoicing through the sky.
E'en those which are create by lake, and sea,
Or float from other spheres, make halt to kiss
His mighty image as they pass. Look—look
Again! my soul exclaims, to see that
Crimson vapory monster, (which looks as
If it leapt from out the bowels of some
Raging 'cano,) stoop to wreath his head with
A purple halo, then break, and throw its
Fragments o'er the rocky hills. Oh! what a

Charm'd my soul hath caught, whilst thus my starving
 Eyes do feast upon thy splendor! thou
 Air-rob'd monarch! great King of mountains!
 When time its age of mortal ages hath
 Complete, e'en then, erect as thou art now,
 Adorn'd with pebbles, rocks and trees, thy form
 Will tow'r till God's great will remove thee.

~~~~~  
 EDWARD AND LAURA.

'Twas in that show'ry month, which was flying  
 To its close to send us smiling May, in  
 A mansion tow'ring 'mid a grove of oak,  
 There was a beauty, like an angel, seated  
 In a richly plush'd and cushion'd chair;  
 And tender was the love which dwelt within  
 Her heart. Her gown was gaudy as the rain-bow's  
 Hues; and from her ears, rich jewels hung.  
 Her arms were cased in gauzy lace, through which  
 Their flesh, like new-formed cream, revealed their  
 Beauty. Her neck, and low bared bosom [polish'd  
 Wore the same soft, sweet, and tender glow;  
 O'er which, in wild luxuriance, like the  
 Untamed flowers which grow in mingling  
 Groups in the valleys of our golden State,  
 Her flaxen hair in untrimmed curls misplac'd,  
 Lay heap'd. Her brow was not that third moon kind  
 Which Statesmen oft do pride themselves to wear;  
 But it was medium, which all must think  
 More graceful for a maid so angel-fair,  
 Her brow was one, on which calm and holy  
 Meditation dwelt; judgment in her brain,

Like a monarch reign'd, sending from its mental  
Kingdom great thoughts, as high school'd ambassadors  
To her heart, with which she reason'd. - The image  
Of her folly stood before her, and she  
Was troubled. Reproach fill'd her heart with soft,  
Sweet and gentle dew, which flow'd to her eyes,  
And roll'd down her cheeks, bathing them, until  
They bloom'd like roses, in a warm shower  
Of May. There, all carelessly she sat, like  
An odorous bunch of flowers thrown at  
The feet of an actress, and left unheeded—  
Grandly beautiful in her abandon !  
A low and plush'd spread ottoman at her  
Feet, on which one foot, unshipp'd, (revealing  
More of beauty than itself,) was resting.  
That lovely foot ! It was as sweet a foot,  
As ever grac'd the parlor of a lord.  
Yes, that lovely foot alone, would have won  
A monarch and his realm. And O, her lips !  
(I fear I'd fail, should I attempt description ;)  
Like leaves of lilly, rimm'd with tints of rose ;  
Around them playing smiles, like sunbeams  
Dancing on a rippling brook ;—a mite apart,  
Disclosing teeth as pure as skillfulest  
Polish'd pearl from closets of the deep—as  
Fair as nature ever plac'd within the  
Lips of maidens. Before her was a window,  
With purple stained glass from ceiling to  
The floor, with laced and crimson curtains rich,  
And folding at the sides. She rais'd her eyes,  
And saw the gray-head moon climb o'er the top  
A craggy hill, which stood far tow'rd the East,  
And sigh'd. But the sigh was follow'd by a  
Burst of laughter. She then exclaimed: "That old



And silly moon is like to what I'll be;  
She has pin'd, and sigh'd in love's tormenting passion,  
To win some great and ruling planet to  
Her breast, till her broad cheeks are pale, and all  
Her hairs are turn'd to silver gray. Shame! shame!  
Oh my poor Edward! He went away with  
Scarce a hope left in his heart to win me.  
Why did I treat him with such cool reserve,  
When all the veins which take their course from out  
My heart, do flow with boiling love for him?  
No; I will never treat him so again;  
I'll send this stubborn, haughty, cowardly  
Passion hence, to prey on baser stuff than  
My poor heart; and when he comes to-morrow eve,  
I'll meet his eyes with such a smile, that he  
Will cry aloud, 'The battle's won!' Fly! Fly!  
Thou pale-witch moon, and take the night with thee,  
And send the morn, that I again may taste  
My Edward's lips!" She reach'd her hand, and from  
The table caught a volume of the  
Mighty bard, to seek a high-ton'd speech,  
Wherein some maid had made a great resolve  
(To battle in her love and win a noble  
Lord,) to give her own more strength; and when she  
Found it, read it o'er and o'er; and then with  
Smiling pride, and resolution strong,  
She clos'd the book and went to rest, and dream'd  
Of joys that were to be in time she long'd  
To reach. The morning came; she rose, and laced  
Her lovely form again, her ringlets curl'd  
Anew; then sat her down to drive the lazy  
Hours away, with music from her tun'd harp.  
The day retir'd to rest, and twilight reigned  
Her hour: Night came, and drove her pale away.



Edward was not there. "Wherefore should he stay?"  
With lips apout and teary eyes, she cried;  
And more and more impatient grew—watching,  
List'ning every noise without, and thought it  
Was his step, till three long hours were taken  
From the night; but alas! Edward came not.  
She sank into the chair again, of which  
I spoke before, the while she wept and chid  
Her heart, for its great wrong and cruelty.  
Ah! it was a stinging grief which throbb'd within  
Poor Laura's breast. The tide of night had flown  
To the centre of its gauge, and turn'd to  
Ebb away the morning hours, ere Laura  
Sought her resting couch; though she sought it not  
To rest, but to war the witchy night-mare.  
The earth had tipp'd, and reveal'd the monarch  
Of the day, alone in the East, wrap'd in  
His seeming blood-stain'd war-like robe; but still  
That maiden in her virgin, snowy gown,  
In troubl'd slumbers lay, until nature,  
Weary;—a peaceful spirit came, and took  
Her soul to wander in the happy bower  
Of dreams, where it found Edward. O joy! joy!  
It came again, and plac'd his image by  
Her side. The smiles which then play'd o'er her face,  
Told well the heavenly comfort of her heart;  
Her mental chambers lit with pure delight;—  
No cloud of sorrow dar'd to hover near.  
That vision was a banquet to her soul,  
And greedy joy was on her lips, a feast.  
She lay in her sweet dream, till the warrior  
Sun had reach'd the centre of his battle-field;  
She awoke, and wrap'd her in a gown of pink,

And sat at the parlor window, viewing  
 The infant flowers which on the vine-frames  
 Hung—all eager for the breast of eve.  
 The bell rang—her heart beat, and her cheeks paled,  
 'Twas Edward! He enter'd—their eyes met—  
 And from her cheeks the trembling paleness fled,  
 And joy with blushes came in sweet profuse.  
 There was a sunshine of smiles. Four arms  
 Were stretch'd and clos'd again in one embrace,  
 And kisses pass'd for kisses given, like checks,  
 For banker's gold. They sat upon the sofa;—  
 And what was said was spoke in whispers low.  
 Three days pass'd, and the Pastor came. And now  
 They dwell within their own fair peaceful bower,  
 And God hath bless'd them ever from that hour.

May He whose blessings all should seek,  
 Watch o'er them waking or asleep;  
 And in their hearts prolong that love,  
 Which He has power to take or give!

Let peace be theirs in ev'ry walk,  
 As sun, to flower upon the stock,  
 When winds have driven the clouds away,  
 And beauty glows on front of day.

Should trials in the road of life,  
 Imbitter and prolong their strife  
 'Gainst fortune's dark and stormy brow,  
 Be with them, God, and teach them how

To rise above all earthly care;  
 To know that thou art ever near,  
 To aid, to comfort and to heal  
 All anguish that the heart may feel.

There is a look of tenderness,  
 In those who meekly do confess  
 That God is with them, and supports  
 When sin would fain usurp their hearts,

And turn their course from his pure sea,  
 Into th' dark lake of eternity ;  
 Where conscience for the body's sin,  
 Must suffer the tormenting flame.

Thou! of whom all knowledge hath been taught  
 By prophets wise, and deep in thought;  
 Send now that spirit to their hearts,  
 Which rectitude of life imparts.

And when they sicken and despair,  
 O, manifest Thy love and care,  
 By smoothing all their sorrows o'er  
 With heavenly comfort, evermore.

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AN EXTRACT FROM A TRAGEDY.

CHARLES.

This brain of mine is chok'd with wilder'd thought,  
 And I have lost the mastery of myself;  
 My heart is whirling like a loosen'd world,  
 A maiden's eyes have knock'd it out of gear.  
 A beauty, smiling on the edge of prime,  
 I saw at distance years could only reach;  
 And pray'd that she for me might live uncaught—  
 My manhood gain'd, I then might make her mine.  
 If maiden's beauty ever charm'd a soul  
 Possess'd by man, unjaded by the world,  
 Mine was by hers,—the fairest one  
 That ever dwelt 'mong maidens of the earth.  
 From youth to manhood have I follow'd her;  
 And now within the sphere she was, I am;  
 But distance greater now than e'en at first,  
 Is measur'd on through wilds I dread to pass.  
 Here now in doubt, the victim of despair  
 I stand; a slave to fears, whose horrid forms  
 Contrive to chill my heart, freeze up my veins;  
 And Death seems grasping for its wretched prey.  
 Hope! hope! thou flame invincible, unseen,  
 Fire up my drooping soul to follow her!



Let not my spirits falter now, but rise  
 And grasp the treasure of my heart's desire.  
 But useless daring! I'll be foil'd at last;  
 Her frown doth fall me as the wind a rush;  
 I dare not rise to gird me to the test,  
 'Till she clear up her brow to smile on me.  
 And more;—I fear young Alfred's in my way;—  
 And he's more gracious than myself, I know:  
 But I must lay some plan for his defeat;  
 I've sworn he shall not thrive by my o'erturn.  
 I'll set my bull-dog, Harry, on his track,  
 And when he barks 'tis like the fox will run.  
 I have oft thought that wealth could move the world;  
 It may buy votes and offices; but all  
 My wealth seems trash in Ellen's eyes. And, for  
 Myself, I've made my tailor rich, to trim  
 Me up; and yet my thread-bare rival  
 Shades my gloss, and drinks up all the light  
 From Ellen's eyes, which else might fall on me;—  
 But here comes Harry—we will set our traps.



#### EVELORE TO MARY.

Mary, thou art young and fair,  
 Skipping in the sunny air;  
 Joys of life have just begun,  
 Sparkling as the morning sun.

Mary, thou art young and gay,  
 Blooming like a flower in May;  
 Smiling as the light of day,  
 Thou art skipping on life's way.

Mary, thou art full of glee,  
 Humming like a little bee;  
 In the morning and at noon,  
 Sweet and happy is thy tune,



Mary, thou art loved by me;  
Thy sweet beauty I do see  
Like a sumbeam on a flower,  
Hanging in a garden bower.

Mary, thou art full of pride;  
Soon will be a happy bride;  
When that morning comes to thee  
Thou wilt never think of me.

Mary, thou art as innocent as light;  
Blooming as fair as the spring-blown rose,  
And fragrant as its morning odor:  
When Heaven calls thee, be thou still as fair.  
Like skipping lamb, thou play'st in the sun;  
No thought, no care hath yet made sad thy brow;  
Life in thee is clear as the morning's eye;  
Thy heart and soul with joy are wild as wind.  
Now thou art blooming in the joy of life;  
Oh be thou patient, for its sweets are short!  
Improve those joys, which now are all thine own;  
Soon mayst thou share them with some other one.  
This is the spring-time of thy maiden life,  
Time ripens fast, and soon may make thee wife;  
When that day comes, be wise to make thy choice—  
And let it be happiest of thy life.  
Turn the key in the door which leads to sin;  
Throw wide the one which leads to righteousness;  
Sow in the fields of thy heart the wise seeds  
Which thou canst purchase from God's pure pages.

Oh Mary, I would have thee gay and proud!  
Yet, would I have thee worthy of thy God.  
Oh Mary do! oh do remember this!  
Guard thy steps on earth, reach that cup of bliss  
Which God hath measur'd out for thee to drink!  
Walk tow'rd Him—and thy soul no sin can sink.



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Oh Mary, I would have thee glad and proud!  
Yet, would I have thee worthy of thy God.  
Oh Mary do be remembered this!  
Guard thy steps on earth, reach that cap of bliss  
Which God hath reserved out for thee to drink!  
Watch toward Him—and thy soul no sin can sink.

Which thou shalt prize above all God's pure pages.  
How in the field of wheat the waves are  
There wide the one which leads to righteousness;  
Then the key in the door which leads to sin;  
And let it be happy of thy life.  
When that day comes, be wise to make thy choice—  
Time ripens that, and soon may come the bliss;  
This is the spring-time of thy maiden life,  
Soon may it show thee forth with some other grace,  
Inspire those joys which now are all thine own;  
To be thou patient, for the winter is short!  
Now thou art blooming in the joy of life,  
Thy heart and soul with joy are well as wind,  
Life is there in the morning rays;  
To know, to care, to love, to give and to grow;  
Like shiping land, that play in the sea,  
When Heaven calls thee, be thou still as free.  
And fast as seas are running on,  
Thou art as the wind who is blowing to thee,  
Thou art as the wind who is blowing to thee.





